

-----  
Title: Daemon's Playground

Author: Charlotte Amandine  
-----

Dark in the house, red on  
the walls, the child is to  
blame. Dark in the soul,  
red on the hands, the  
child is to blame. Dark in  
the horizon, red in her  
eyes, the child is to  
blame. Black in her heart,  
blood on her mind, the  
child is to blame. Black in  
the skies, Heart turned  
to Coal, the child is to  
blame. Poison in her mind,  
Fire at her feet, the  
child is to blame. A knock  
at the door, the Black  
comes to call. Do you  
answer?

4: Ignore it and go back  
to bed.

6: Open the Door.

8: Set the house on fire  
and giggle.

The slithering snake of the  
mind invades your dreams.

The cold man, the dark  
man touches your skin,

turning it to ice. The  
silver knife enters the  
heart and the red flows

to the floor. You are  
welcomed in your death  
only by flames and the  
cries of your family  
roasting in the Bull.

You are dead and so is  
everyone you ever loved.

He stands tall and pushes  
his way inside. You  
opened the door, he has  
no smile for you. He has  
business and you are his  
vessel. A half empty jar  
too small for his essence.  
Flowing, Burning, your

mind pushed aside. Inside  
the rush, the flow, but  
never joy.

10: Fight the stranger in  
your mind.

12: Do nothing, frozen in  
horror.

The dark man, the bloody  
face watches you with  
glee. The dark eyes, the  
coal heart grasps you and  
embraces you as a friend.

Over the hearth, over  
the roof the flames  
reach high. The slithering  
snake coils your arms and  
into the open wound at  
your back. The men in  
blue and white take you.

The cold stone walls  
greet you. The silver  
blade meets your neck  
and your eyes see...

Your mind struggles  
against the coils of the  
black snake. As you  
struggle the coils wrench  
tighter. Your soul gasps  
a final breath and then  
is tossed aside. Nothing  
remains of you, there is  
no death, no life, no joy  
and no pain. You are  
nothing. You become  
nothing. You were always  
nothing. You fade. You do  
not die. You never were.

There is no memory of  
you. There is only void.  
The creature coils around  
in your mind looking for  
a place to hide. HE has  
come, a scared animal. He  
does not notice you at  
first. You are alone,  
hiding in a corner of  
your mind. He pays you  
no mind, a simple child, a  
forgotten remnant. But  
how to keep you in  
check? How to make sure  
you never cross him?

Find the mother, Find the  
father. Was there  
another? Find them, make  
the red come. Make the  
fires burn. Tear them

apart, make her watch.  
This body is his, there  
can be no question. You  
opened the door, and are  
too afraid to fight. The  
father, the mother slain.  
Your fight never was,  
your soul begins to  
harden, in your own mind  
you take form, a  
protection from the flame  
tongue of the coils of  
darkness. A skin of  
stone, stone inside your  
own mind. You can not  
fight, you will not fight.  
You can only defend. But,  
if rescue should ever  
come. Could you open  
again? Could you shed  
yourself? Who would  
forgive you for opening  
the door?

18: Take the skin of  
marble, protect yourself.

22: Do nothing, attract  
no attention. Observe.

The stone solidifies you  
and protects you from  
the fires. The stone  
hardens and you find it  
hard to move. You are  
trapped, trapped in a  
memory of the night the  
door was opened. Things  
twist, things turn, a  
maelstrom in your mind.  
A dark and deep twisting  
of fact and fantasy.  
What is real? What is  
the manipulation? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name girl? What is  
your name?! The voice  
demands, his words burn  
but not so much anymore,  
his sound becomes nothing.

24: Sleep, rest, respite.

26: Observe, watch, look.  
From your mind you  
watch and the fires burn  
you. The scales cut into  
your unprotected soul. He  
gives you a name, a name  
he takes for himself, you  
are one, one man, one  
girl. The same, his oil  
mixes with your water,  
his mud in your dirt. The  
mixture is forever lasting.  
There can be no  
seperation. There is  
nothing left to fight.

#### KILL THE SISTER!

Sleep finds you quickly,  
the vast ocean of your  
mind lays out before you.  
You float at first,  
hearing screams and cries  
in the background. Slowly  
you sink, a stone in the  
ocean of your mind.  
Deeper and deeper. Down  
and Down. Lower and  
Lower. The bottom is  
found. You sleep. There is  
no awakening. You do not  
even hear the screams  
anymore. You are a  
stone, that never wakes.  
You take an active role.  
You watch, observe and  
listen. The screams haunt  
you, the words of flame  
lash at your stone soul.  
He can not touch you,  
but his actions in your  
name sting worse than  
any could ever know. You  
opened the door, this is  
your fault. The pain is  
real, but to sleep... to  
give up. Then no one  
would remember the  
score. No one would hold  
the snake accountable.  
You become the pearl,  
the glorious pearl witin  
the perverted oyster of  
evil that has become your  
own body. The flames lash  
at you, but only makes  
your shell harder and  
harder. You could not

change if you wanted to.  
Your words mean nothing  
to him, your cries only  
please him. His words  
are only torment, but  
still you listen. You hear  
the screams of the  
thousands he kills with  
the new name he gives  
you. You watch as things  
forbidden come to pass.  
You learn new words such  
as traitor, armageddon,  
and betrayal. You see the  
face of your sister next  
to the face of the  
traitor, you hear his  
name... Chusa. But none  
can hear you, the daemon  
only laughs as you call  
out to her. The word Zog  
is heard, is that a name?  
The shiney ones make a  
pact with the thing inside  
your body. They care not,  
they want the Zog thing.  
The thing uses your body  
and its new name to tear  
the world asunder for  
these things. You are  
overjoyed when your own  
sister beats the creature  
that has taken you.  
Protecting the world, with  
half your name. A name  
now forgotten.  
The seeds come, and  
trees of massive evil  
sprout, do they know the  
danger? Do they  
understand the plight?  
You learned long ago that  
the words you speak go  
to him, and nowhere else.  
So you stay quiet. You  
can twist things, you can  
change things, you have  
learned you can show him  
only the things you want.  
But you must show  
something, you keep your  
mind afixed on the night  
you opened the door in  
spite of the pain. He  
demands more, but his  
demands echo around you,  
you the pearl in your own  
mind. His laughter turns

to anger, he can no longer affect you, but this world is still his, you only set the scene. But wait... a flash of blue and white at the door. A trick? The daemon has figured it out, the piece you held back, "WHERE IS THE SISTER?!".

38: Give up and tell him of the memory locked in the cabinet.

40: Open the door.

You tell him of what you locked in the cabinet. The memory, your escape, your messenger. The memory of your little sister, locked in a cupboard all this time and yet, the daemon did not find her. His victory total, he uses the memory to destroy the pearl. The pearl turns to coal and is shattered. There is nothing left, and you are forgotten. You never existed. There is no pain, there is no joy. The door swings open and the bearded man steps in, the daemon shrinks in surprise, flees to another memory. There is an army behind him... but can they forgive you?